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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Beethoven and his Three Styles.

BY M. W. DE LENZ.

[From the French of HECTOR BERLIOZ.]

(Concluded from last Number.)

He felt, himself, both the force and the grandeur of his mission; the whims which escaped him in many instances leave no doubt upon this subject. One day his pupil, Ries, having ventured to call his attention to a harmonic progression in one of his new works, declared faulty by theoreticians, Beethoven replied: "Who forbids this?" "Who?"

why, Fuchs, Albrechtsberger, all the professors." "Well, I permit it." In another instance, he said, with naïveté: "I am of an electric nature, that is why my music is so admirable."

The celebrated Bettine relates in her correspondence, that Beethoven said to her one day: "I have no friend: I must live with myself alone, but I well know that God is nearer to me in my art than to others; I commune with him without dread; I have ever acknowledged and understood him; neither have I any fear for my music, it can meet no evil fate; he to whom it makes itself intelligible must become free from all the wretchedness which others drag about with them."*

Mr. de Lenz, in recounting the singularities of Beethoven in his social relations, says that he was not always so savage as in the last years of his life; that he often figured in balls, and *did not dance in time*. This is rather too much, and I will permit myself to doubt it. Beethoven possessed in the highest degree the appreciation of rhythm; his works bear witness to this; and if it was really said that he did not dance in time, it must have been because it was thought piquant to make this puerile observation, and to consign it as a curious anomaly. Some persons pretend that Newton knew nothing at all about arithmetic, and do not believe in the bravery of Napoleon.

It appears, however, if we believe a great number of German musicians who have played the symphonies of Beethoven under his direction, that he conducted indifferently the execution even of his own works. This is by no means incredible; the talent of the leader of an orchestra is special, like that of a violinist; it is acquired by long practice, and by very pronounced natural dispositions. Beethoven was a skilful pianist, but a detestable violinist, although he studied the instrument in his youth. He might have been a most wretched performer on both, or no performer at all, without being any the less a prodigious composer.

It is generally believed that he composed with great rapidity. In fact, he composed one of his masterpieces, the overture to *Coriolanus*, in one night; but generally he worked up, turned and moulded his ideas in such a manner, that their first jet bore but a slight resemblance to their ultimate form. To have a good idea of this, one should see his manuscript. He re-wrote three times the first piece of his seventh symphony (in A). He searched for several days, wandering in

the fields around Vienna, for the theme of his *Ode to Joy*, which commences the finale of his choral symphony. The sketch of this page still exists.

After the first phrase which presented itself to the mind of Beethoven, we find written in French the word "*mauvais*," bad. The melody, modified, re-appears a few lines below, accompanied by this observation, always in French: "*Ceci est mieux*," this is better. Finally we find it, clothed in the form which we are accustomed to admire, and decidedly elected by these two syllables which the persevering seeker evidently traced with joy: "*C'est ça!*"

He worked during a considerable period at his *Mass in D*. He re-wrote two or three times his opera of *Fidelio*, for which, as we well know, he composed four overtures. A recital of what he had to endure to bring forth this opera, from the ill-will and opposition of all the performers, from the first tenor to the contra-basso, would be of sad interest to us, but would lead us too far. As varied as the vicissitudes of this work may have been at first, it remains and will remain in the repertory of more than thirty European theatres, and its success would be greater, despite the numerous difficulties of execution which it presents, were it not for the incontestible inconveniences of a doleful drama, the entire action of which takes place in a prison.

Beethoven, in his ardor for the subject of *Leonora*, or *l'amour conjugal*, only saw the sentiment which it gave him to express, and made no account of the sombre monotony of the spectacle which is so closely allied to it. This libretto, of French origin, had been set to music, at first in Paris, by Gavaux; afterwards it was changed into an Italian opera for Paër; and it was after having heard at Vienna the music of the *Leonora* of this latter, that Beethoven had the simple cruelty to say to him: "The subject of your opera pleases me, I must set it to music."

It would be curious now to hear successively the three scores.

I will now close; I have said sufficient, I hope, to inspire the admirers of Beethoven with the desire to learn more of the book of Mr. de Lenz. I will merely add that, beside the excellent qualities of a critic and biographer which he has displayed, they will find in the catalogue and classification of the works of the maestro a proof of the religious care with which Mr. de Lenz has studied all that concerns it, and of the knowledge that has guided him in his investigations.

* Bettine to Goethe, Vienna, May 28, 1810.

Reply of Mr. Willis to Mr. Fry.

I do not at all agree with you—either in your opinion of yourself, or your opinion of others. Your opinion of me, and my dreary ignorance, I hope to modify one of these days. So we will say nothing more about that. Our mutual opinions of *Art*, (selves aside) are, as I understand it, what we wish chiefly to exchange in a corre-

My dear Fry, you are entirely wrong. Music is a perfectly independent language: not a whit an imitative language: unless it forcibly be made so. It begins where ordinary, spoken language ends. It is the subtle and refined language of the emotions. If I wish to express the passion of love in music, I express it *musically*,—not spoken-ly. I imitate no one, and nothing. The musical tones rush out—the speaking language is forgotten—I revel in a delicious tone-language, which expresses the *feeling* of love far better, and more completely

than I can possibly do it by tones of the speaking voice. Some similarity there doubtless will be, between the tones of love when told, and love when sung; because the passion is the same. And, in moments of great excitement, the speaking tone rises oftentimes, and attains unto, the musical tone; the voice sings with emotion, as the voice of a fine orator sometimes does. But making music imitative is reversing the pyramid. It is inverting the climax. Music does not descend to the spoken tone—the spoken tone must ascend to music. Making music imitative, is materializing and demeaning music. It is making a parrot of that which is a nightingale—a wretched tone-slave of what is a glorious tone-master.

You have queer ideas about music. You say your composition of the *Breaking Heart* "represents a tragedy in a cathedral." You "take an educated, delicately-reared young lady, and put her to die of love in a cathedral." Now although you may do such a thing as this practically, (your attractive qualities, my friend, making this supposable,) I venture to say, that you cannot do it musically. When you tell us what you mean by your music, (as now,) why then we can understand what your music means—but not before. After knowing this, we can listen to the music as expressing the painful emotions of the young lady, (if you will) or the jolly emotions of the swain—but the action, itself, no music can "represent." A stage cathedral, and you and the young lady in it, and a little pantomime, could alone give us this idea of the "cathedral," and the architecture: or, on the other hand, a veritable field and the "short petticoated peasant girls, the grinning swain," &c. In the same manner, when, in the "symphony" of *Santa Claus* you distribute among the audience a lengthy document, telling what you mean to "imitate" in the music, why then they know what the music imitates—not before. The "symphony" *per se*, without this explanation, might just as well imitate the wrecking of the *San Francisco*, as what you ascribe to it. Even that blowing of penny trumpets, and buzzing of rattles and the general shout, might be understood as representing the joy of the passengers, (or at all events, the passengers' children,) when that gallant Captain Creighton came to their rescue.

4th. "It is a fact, which must not be overlooked," you say, "that the purity and eloquence of the tone of every performer are in exact ratio of his mastery over mechanical difficulties: witness all the solo players in Jullien's orchestra; and Liszt, Thalberg, Gottschalk," &c.

Now Liszt, Thalberg and Gottschalk, play upon the piano—an instrument of fixed tone. Of violinists, and other instrumentalists, the tone of whose instruments is not fixed, your remark may be true. But how can any conquest over mechanical difficulties improve the tone of a piano?

5th. "*Santa Claus*," you say, "is the longest instrumental composition ever written on a single subject." Again—"I am aware that it may excite your surprise, that *Santa Claus* is the longest unique symphony ever written, as we all know that few of the classical symphonies require over three quarters of an hour to perform." Again—" *Santa Claus* opens with a movement seven minutes long, being as long as the model piece of Weber, *Der Freischutz* overture."

Now the length of a piece of music is novel ground, certainly, upon which to base its musical excellence, or its requirement for a very long criticism; just as much so, as that its correspondence, in the length of time taken to perform it, with that of some piece by a great master, is very exact. This argument does not appeal to me. What has the length of a piece to do with its merits?—any further, truly than that the longer the piece, or the longer the article, the less likely people are to hear or to read it. For this reason, I am beginning to be very suspicious of the length of the "reply" I am writing at this present.

6th. You are very severe upon me, for saying in my notice of *Santa Claus*, that I thought it was hardly to be criticized as an earnest work of Art. Every composer certainly, knows best whether he was in earnest, even in the handling of children's rattles and playthings. You protest

you were thoroughly in earnest. I believe you. Your four pages of *nonpareil*, my friend, in reply to my very short article, entirely convinces me of it. I take the remark back.

7th. Another error I hasten to correct, relative to the fact, which was first composed: the *Breaking Heart* or the *Day in the Country*; the *Day in the Country* or the *Breaking Heart*. You say the *Breaking Heart* was composed first. You know best, my friend, and as you say so—it certainly must have been composed first. But I am not bound to know much about this, (except so far as the music certainly indicated the contrary) unless you tell me: any more than I am bound to guess what you imitate in the music of *Santa Claus* unless you print it all out for me. There is such a thing as improving backward, it seems—that is, falling off in musical excellence. The *Breaking Heart* is a better thing than the *Day in the Country*—though it was composed first. Hence my mistake.

But I must stop. I have now answered the most essential points of your letter. Were I to reply to all you have written, I should write an opposing line-for-line, nearly, to your four-page communication. We differ entirely, and utterly; we *unspeakably* differ in our estimate of the honored names in Art, you have so recklessly tossed about in that extraordinary letter. The heart of every true and intelligent musician must stand still, at the relative value you put upon them and—upon yourself.

My dear FRY, I admire your genius, but it is genius astray. You are wrong in your views of Art; as I think you are in your views of handling what is sacred, in secular discussion. You are a splendid frigate at sea, without a helm. But, differing from you, as I entirely do, I think we can "agree to differ." Your qualities of heart are such as must attach every one to you who knows you—as they attach me; while your unquestioned innate capacities must compel the admiration of all—of none more than your friend at the artistic antipodes.

RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

Punch on Variations.

Friday last, Punch had the satisfaction of being present at Signor Sivioli's farewell concert. He was exceedingly diverted by the performances of the clever violinist, which also reminded him of an idea that has occasionally occurred to him before, on hearing Ole Bull, Liszt, and other professors of musical gymnastics.

He perceived that the talents of these gentlemen lay principally in executing variations on certain favorite airs; that is, in disjoining their different portions, and filling up the intervals with divers fantastical and eccentric movements of their own—runs, shakes, and so forth; thus interspersing the original music, which was expressive of some sentiment, feeling, or state of mind, with passages which, having no meaning at all, formed an agreeable contrast to the melodies wherewith they are blended.

Now, the idea that occurred to Mr. Punch was, that the principle (so greatly to the gratification of the public) acted upon by the musicians, might be advantageously applied to the sister art of poetry. He thinks that Shakespeare with variations would very probably be received with great applause. The variations, of course, should correspond in expressiveness and intellectuality to those above alluded to. For instance, let the line be varied be—

"To be or not to be; that is the question."

The theme might first be recited entire, and then treated as follows:

To be or not, fiddle; to be, diddle; that, tooral; is, rooral; the question, lay.

Fiddle, fiddle, iddle, iddle, tooral, looral, lay.

Tooral, to be; looral, or not; lay, to be; that is, fiddle; the question, iddle de dee.

To, yoddle; be, doodle; or, fol; not, dol; to, de; be, rol; that, ri; is, tol; the, lol; question, de rido.

Yoddle doodle fol de rol, to be; hey, down derry diddle dum, or not; whack rum ti oodity, to be;

ho down, that; chip chow cherry chow, is; tra la la la, the question.

Dong, dong, harum, scarum dive, question.

Right fol de ridly, oody, bow, wow, wow!

Drowning mep will catch at a straw; and considering the present declining state of the drama, Punch seriously recommends his suggestion to the notice of the managers.—Its adoption will doubtless astonish the weak minds of many, to whom Shakspeare's sense, at present, too strong for them, will be rendered more palatable by dilution.—*London Punch*.

Mendelssohn.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, the son of Abraham Mendelssohn, a banker of some consequence at Hamburg, in Germany, and grandson of the great philosopher and Hebraist, Moses Mendelssohn, was born at Hamburg, on the 3d of February, 1809. The house in which he was born is close adjoining the Church of St. Michael. Hamburg is remarkable as the native place of another musician, Ferdinand David, for many years the friend and brother artist of the subject of this memoir. Felix was the second in age of a family of four children. He had an elder sister, Fanny (the late Madame Henselt), a younger brother, Paul, and a second sister, Rebecca. His mother, whose maiden name was Bartholdy, watched with anxious affection the development of the boy's mind, and in after years he repaid this motherly care with a love and tenderness which the caresses of the world never once weakened or abated.

When the boy had completed his third year, his parents changed their place of residence, and moved to Berlin. Here, under that favorable star, which from the hour of his birth had never suffered him to come in contact with anything common-place or ordinary, his wonderful talents unfolded, and early promised a brilliant future. When only eight years old he played the piano with great facility and execution, and at this tender age he acquired a fine sense of musical criticism, an intuitive power which Zelter called Mendelssohn's "Luchsauge." "He discovered," (said that artist) "six pure fifths, consecutively, in a movement of Sebastian Bach's, which I should never have found." His ear for music was extraordinary. He detected in a moment the dissonance of an instrument, or the false intonation of a voice, at a time when the music was loudest, and the great body of sound most likely to drown the discordant part. All these qualities proved him to be in possession of powers quite uncommon to youths of his age, and he was placed under the care of Zelter and Berger, two plain German artists, to be taught his first lessons in composition and pianoforte playing. Zelter called him his best and most promising pupil, when only twelve years old, and his correspondence with Goethe on the boy's progress bears honorable testimony to the warm interest he took in the education of Felix, though it tells of a rather strict and uncompromising management of a very sensitive disposition. The consequence of these letters was a fortunate one for Felix, who was brought to Goethe's especial notice. An introduction to this great man was invaluable, and we cannot doubt that this circumstance contributed in no small degree to strengthen Mendelssohn's love for all that is great, solid and classical, and his contempt for anything weak or second-rate. It may here be remarked that the publication of Mendelssohn's correspondence with Goethe would be of deep interest to the admirers of musician and poet; at present we must be content to quote short extracts from Zelter's and Goethe's letters, which allude to the mutual interest which the writers took in the boy's progress. Zelter's letters are full of such expressions as, "the youngster plays the piano like the deuce," or, "Felix is still the head man here;" and we find him writing to Goethe in the autumn of 1812, announcing his intention of a visit, and a wish to introduce his pupil to the poet—"Before I leave the world I should like to show your face to my Doris, and my best pupil." Accordingly, in the November of the same year, he actually introduced his young favorite to the poet. On the

5th of February, Goethe writes, "Say a good word to Felix, and to his parents. Since you left me my piano is speechless; one solitary attempt to restore it again would be a failure." A friendship once started was destined to be yet more and more influential over Mendelssohn; for from this time Zelter constantly related to Goethe stories of the boy's wonderful powers and application, and the poet's interest in the young musician became daily more intense. On the 8th of February Zelter writes, "Yesterday evening Felix completed his fourth opera, with the dialogues, and it was performed in our presence. I must confess my own weakness in attempting to restrain wonder at the amazing progress made by a boy only fifteen years old. There are three acts, which, with two ballets, occupy some two hours and a half in the performance. The work has fairly met with its meed of applause. Original ideas, beautifully expressed, are to be found throughout; there is no want of rhythm, dramatic power, and flow of harmony; it is scored apparently by experienced hands; the orchestral parts are not overloaded, so as to fatigue; nor, on the other hand, can I complain of a mere accompaniment and poverty of instrumentation; the band played it *con amore*, and yet it is not music to be trifled with. Nothing is omitted, out of place, disjointed or fragmentary; passion, tenderness, love, and joy, are all in their turn expressed. The overture is a strange production. You would fancy a painter, who, after dashing a quantity of color indiscriminately on the canvass, and gradually clearing it away from the surface with the finger and brush, produces at last a defined and distinct picture; so that the one is the more astonished that anything truthful should appear, after being subjected to such a process." Such is the eulogy of Zelter, and it must be said to his praise, that he seems to have appreciated, from the very first, that variety of thought and expression, so splendidly concentrated in after years, in such poetical overtures, as that to the Hebrides and others of equal excellence.

"Certainly," continues Zelter, "I speak as a grandfather, who sports his pet grand-child; still I know what I say, and will not expatiate on ideal excellence which I cannot prove. Applause, liberally given by the orchestral and vocal performers, is a sure criterion; and it is easy to see if an indifference and coldness, or a real earnest satisfaction carries the executants through their work where the composer gives the members of an orchestra something worth interpreting, both parties mutually succeed, and each helps to enjoy the laurels." How entirely have the words of Zelter been realized in the subsequent career of Mendelssohn! It is impossible to forget the enthusiasm shared by the vocal and orchestral members of the Leipzig Society, at the rehearsals of *St. Paul* and the *Hymn of Praise*; or the patience shown in conquering the extreme difficulties of his overtures, and the music adapted to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* of Shakspeare. There never lived Mendelssohn's rival, as a conductor; at times he praised sincerely, at others blamed, but, whether he smiled or frowned, the orchestra invariably acted in accordance with his suggestion, and the suggestion, and the results were sure to justify the wisdom of his choice, and their good sense in adopting it.

In the year 1823, Abraham Mendelssohn travelled, with his son, to Paris, for the express purpose of introducing him to Cherubini. This step showed an honorable distrust in popular praise, the object being to inquire, of an undoubted authority, if the son possessed so decided a genius for the art, as to make it worth while to cultivate these powers to a still greater extent. Cherubini encouraged the father to future sacrifices and efforts for the advancement of his son's welfare, and acknowledged unhesitatingly the youth's great ability. On their journey back, the travellers paid Goethe a visit. He writes to Zelter, on the 25th of May, 1825, "Felix brought out his first quartet; everybody was thunderstruck; to hear the first performance of a work dedicated to me enhances the pleasure I feel at the compliment; it has done me much good too." In the month of June, he wrote to Mendelssohn himself a "*Schönes Liebeschreiben*," as Zelter called it, and, in re-

turn, Felix presented Goethe with a translation of the *Andria* of Terence, which he had written under the guidance of his private tutor, Heyse. On the 11th of October, 1826, Goethe writes to Zelter, "Thank the excellent, active Felix for his example of earnest practical study; his production, I expect, will be a source of amusement and usefulness to the artists of Weimar, in the long winter evenings before us." In the April of 1829, Moscheles induced Mendelssohn to take a tour through parts of England and Scotland. He had the misfortune, in London, to meet with a trifling accident scarcely worthy note, except as proving how deep an interest was taken in his welfare by one of the greatest men of those days. He happened to be driving through the streets of London with a friend; the gig upset and Mendelssohn, who was thrown out, received a contusion of the knee. Zelter wrote an account of the accident to Goethe, who answered in a letter full of sympathy, "I should like to hear if favourable reports can be given of the worthy Felix; the interest I take in him is great; it is painful to see a man, who has already done so much, endangered, or at least prevented from active work, by an untoward accident, such as you tell me of. Let me hear a more comforting account."

It was now determined that Mendelssohn should journey to Italy; but, before starting, he was honored by Goethe's hospitality, who entertained him for a whole fortnight. Golden moments those few days must have been to the youthful guest, who was sent on his way rejoicing by the bard himself, who sang of "The land where the citrons bloom." From a letter of Goethe's to Zelter, we see what enjoyment he had derived from Mendelssohn's visit. It is dated June 3rd, 1830. "At half-past five o'clock this morning, with a cloudless sky, and in the most lovely sunshine, the excellent Felix left my house. Ottilia (Goethe's wife), Ulrika (Madame von Poggenwisch), and the children (Walter Goethe, the present composer, etc.) were with him. Felix charmed us here a whole fortnight, and played delightfully. He is now on his way to Jena, there to bind his friends by the same delicious spell. His name, I assure you, will be always remembered with honor amongst us. His society has been of great advantage to me, for my interest and better feelings are always excited when I am listening to music. All historical associations connected with the art are valuable in my judgment; and Felix deserves great praise for his thorough knowledge of the gradations, and several periods in music. From the fact of his possessing a retentive memory, he can perform the *chef-d'œuvre* of all the different schools at his own time and pleasure. He first gave specimens from the Bach epoch, and then brought me back again to Haydn, Mozart, and Gluck, finishing with the great composers of the present day, including his own productions, which make me feel and meditate. He leaves me under the auspices of my best wishes and blessings. Present my respects and congratulations to the worthy parents of this extraordinary young artist." From this time both poet and musician kept up a correspondence, until the death of the former. Goethe constantly alludes to the delightfully-interesting letters of Felix. 4th January, 1831—"You announce to me Felix's visit to Rome, and his prosperous sojourn in that city. Wherever he goes, he must of course meet with the same favorable reception, he unites great powers with such an amiable nature." And on the 31st of March, in the same year: "My chief news is that I have just received a delightful letter from Felix, dated from Rome, 5th of March. It gives me a lively picture of that remarkable young man. I feel quite sure of the success of his coming years: his genius will serve him as a 'swimming jacket,' to carry him safely over the breakers and stormy seas that always threaten rising greatness." The prophecy of the old king of poets was verified: for at a time when Art was on the decline, and weeds growing luxuriously over the ruins, with what an inspired energy did Felix restore what had fallen, and raise a pure classical style on the base of his own original erections. I have laid great stress in the early part of my memoir on Goethe's friendship with

Mendelssohn, for it was, as we before stated, a most important period in his career; and (strange to say) most of those who have sketched outlines of his life have neglected the mention of it. Felix was the last scion of an age when German artists of any pretensions acquired excellence, in partially modelling from antiquity, without sacrificing their original power. Goethe, in whom the Grecian element so happily blended with the native German, influenced his friend in this direction by precept and example. The details of Mendelssohn's career will prove the truth of our statement. Let us look at the development of his genius, and return to that period when we left him as a boy under the care of Zelter and Ludwig Berger.

[To be continued.]

DIMENSIONS OF ENGLISH PUBLIC BUILDINGS. The following may be interesting, as affording the means of judging of the capacity of various public edifices:

	Length. Feet.	Width. Feet.	Height. Feet.
Westminster Hall.....	228	66	92
Leeds New Town Hall.....	190	72	72
St. George's Hall, Bradford.....	152	72	—
St. George's Hall, Liverpool.....	169	74	75
Town Hall, Birmingham.....	145	65	65
Concert Hall, Liverpool.....	135	102	68
Guild Hall, London.....	153	40	55
Exeter Hall, London.....	130	72	—
New Free-trade Hall, Manchester (inclusive of 14 feet recess).....	137	78	64

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Voice, as an Instrument.

MR. EDITOR:—As it is obvious that the abuse to which that noblest, most beautiful and difficult of musical instruments, the human voice, is so generally subjected among us, arises from the ignorance so universally prevailing, concerning the difficulty of its development and cultivation, allow me to offer a few suggestions upon the subject, which I hope may find a place in your interesting and instructive journal.

Little need be said of the nobleness of the voice as an instrument, when we remember that its organs are formed and perfected by the great Creator, and are a part of the human frame which is "fearfully and wonderfully made." It is also a model for imitation in the construction of other instruments; and those are considered most superior and perfect, that in their tones resemble most nearly the human voice. Less is necessary to be said of its beauty, especially to those who have listened to the thrilling voices and wonderful execution of Caradori, Sontag or Lind; but that more respect may be had for it, with regard to the manner of its development and cultivation, let us examine a little more closely the difficulties that attend them. None will deny that the piano is a difficult instrument, and the violin much more so, and yet every tone in the former is fixed, and can be produced at will, and beyond a doubt, by striking the right key; the violin, having but four fixed tones, is, with regard to intonation alone, proportionally more difficult. As the voice has no fixed tone at the command of the will, the difficulty of correct intonation is therefore proportionate. As an imperfect illustration of this, let us suppose the white keys on the piano-forte to be equal, and the black keys hidden from sight; then let a person endeavor to produce any particular tone he may desire, and he will soon see the difficulty in finding immediately the right one. How much more then is it difficult with the voice, when correct intonation depends entirely upon the power which long practice may enable one to acquire, in seizing upon the relation between the will and the vocal organs, as communicated to the mind through the ear by means of some in-

strument, or, after some cultivation, through the eye by means of notes! With some, the faculty to do this is in some degree natural, though it is none the less wonderful. It should be attained by every one, so that, as Panseron has said, "the voice can be put down upon every note, purely, distinctly, and with ease. This may be done without effort, roughness or violence, without diminution of sweetness and liquidity of tone; and until it can be done, the pupil should undertake little else than vocal exercises."

Many persons labor under the mistaken notion that the art of singing can be pursued successfully by practice in classes; but, says the same author, "every pupil should be trained *alone*, at least until perfect in vocalization." Knowing, as we do, that no two voices are alike, no two cases present the same impediments, natural or acquired, how apparent is the folly of ranging a dozen or more singers in a row, all to be set to screaming upon the same general plan, without any reference to the peculiar necessities of each voice! A physician has the advantage of a teacher of singing, in the respect that he can look at the tongue, and feel the pulse, which may assist him in forming his opinion and making his consequent prescription; but what sick person would consent to stand up with any number of others, without any particular inquiry into his case, and be dosed and physicked on a wholesale system? And yet would it not be more just than in the case of vocal patients? Nevertheless it is possible that *pleasing results* may follow instruction in *small classes*, where there is not the ability or means for private tuition, with *special care* and consideration on the part of the teacher. "Though the introduction of singing into our public schools may also be regarded with pleasure, yet some danger is to be apprehended from disregard to the peculiar changes that the human system undergoes at an early period of life, on account of which the vocal organs should be used with great caution. Many a fine voice has been destroyed, and probably, too, the general health greatly impaired, by inattention to, or ignorance on this subject."

Let then every one who wishes to sing well, first decide if he have the time and means to pursue the cultivation of the voice properly, and then procure the services of an educated and conscientious master,—one who will teach him to sing the notes as they are written,—to give each note its full length—to make no pauses unless indicated by the author,—to make no *portamento* unless it is written, and to distinguish between the proper *portamento*, and the detestable *sliding* and *moaning*, which is become so common and fashionable,—a master who will select such songs as are suitable for him to sing, and for the place in which they are to be sung. The modern Italian Opera music, in the performance of which professional singers astonish by their execution, is frequently attempted by amateurs, who can only imitate them in a most imperfect and unskilful manner, rendering themselves ridiculous, in the effort to perform that which requires the most perfect command of the voice, and long perseverance and application in its cultivation. Let, therefore, opera music be left for the opera and professional artists, with the exception, perhaps, of some of the more simple songs, &c.; and also, leave negro melodies for those for whom they are intended,—the colored race, or such as are willing to blacken themselves in imitation of their unfor-

tunate brethren—and let our young people, who wish to please by their vocal performances, study the beautiful ballads and songs of Schubert, Mendelssohn, and many other German, Italian and English authors.

When these matters are properly considered and attended to, and not until then, we may have good singing in our private circles. O*****

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 11, 1854.

Ninth Germania Concert.

Last Saturday evening the exclusively "classical" music took its first turn under the new arrangement. A purer and a richer programme never was presented to an American audience. We may also add, a more felicitously varied programme. For it is childish to suppose an incoherent medley, of symphony and polka, Beethoven and sable minstrelsy, the sublime and the frivolous, the delicately ideal and the boisterously rowdy, essential to variety. There really is more effective variety, more stimulating contrast, between the different movements of the same good symphony, for instance, than there is between the different pieces of the most miscellaneous "popular" programme: just as a select society of persons, who have real wit and character, and whose meeting proceeds from a certain key-note to a certain end, offers far less monotony and far more entertaining contrast of true individuality, than a great miscellaneous assemblage, which is aimless, light and frivolous. And of all monotones to which soul and sense are liable, save us from the confused Babel in the brain, the torpor of stunned nerves and feelings, which results from listening to a purely heterogeneous succession of songs, dances, overtures, solos with variations, &c., &c., where one impression is recklessly trodden out by another, until hearing everything and hearing nothing come to be pretty nearly equivalent. Contrast is all-essential, but it amounts to nothing, when there is no relation between the things contrasted.

The lovers of "light" music of course complain of music that is "heavy." But heaviness and dullness do not alone or necessarily pertain to solemn subjects and to learned treatment. On the contrary, what heaviness can be compared to the effect upon the mind of an interminable series of flashy flute variations, or a whole evening of pretty waltzes, polkas, &c., which with all their brilliancy, and their coquettish gracefulness of rhythm, sound like changes rung upon one theme, until passages from all of them will haunt you in the memory of each! If you want wit and sprightliness, can not Shakespeare give it to you in as full a measure as Dion Bourçicault, or the author of the Pillicoddy farces? If you crave grotesque and fantastic recreation in your music, is not a Beethoven Scherzo, or a Mendelssohn Capriccio or overture, as daintily refreshing as a Jullien quadrille? Or do you like the glitter best without the gold?

We are no exclusive sticklers for one style of music. There is as wide room for difference of style within, as there is without, the so-called "classical" boundaries, if any one can tell just where they run. We cheerfully compromise a

good deal to get a good thing, and do not mind taking quite a quantity of sand, if we are assured there is a diamond somewhere in the midst of it. Mixed programmes we have always willingly accepted, and indeed they have been the necessary policy of concert-givers thus far. But the earnest music-lovers are more tolerant of a few light things in a programme, than the party who go to talk and be amused are of a symphony. The Germanians do well, therefore, to try the experiment of an entire distinction. Let them not give purely classical programmes to a ruinous extent, in a business point of view; but it is quite well, so long as their whole season's business can afford, that some unique opportunities of this sort should exist; that there should be some purely musical occasions, as well as mixed entertainments, where music only accompanies and fills the pauses of small talk, or hints the pleasurable excitements of the ball room and the military parade.

The audience of Saturday was certainly not so large, by a few hundreds, as that of the Saturday preceding; and if that fell short of the previous standard, when there were mixed programmes, this exhibited a still wider difference. It was to be expected. Yet it was a very large audience to be gathered for a whole evening of purely orchestral performances of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Cherubini. The Music Hall looked more than two-thirds full; at the lowest mark, there must have been twelve hundred auditors. And an audience so attentive, so delighted, so sympathetic, so discriminating in its applause we have never before seen, save in a small Chamber Concert. It is settled beyond a doubt that over a thousand people can be relied upon in Boston, at any time not positively unfavorable, for a concert made up of the best music and of nothing else. One thing we are sure of; the more this string is played upon, the more responsive and the stronger will it become. The thousand of last Saturday are guaranty of twice that number, when the custom of such programmes shall once be fairly established.

Of the performances themselves we shall not enter into much detail. Cherubini's overture to "Medea" impressed us as extremely beautiful, full of fire and nobleness, relieved with passages of tender gracefulness; and always clear, significant and earnest, as one would expect from the composer of "Les deux Journées." We doubt not it will become a favorite in our better class of concerts. The fourth piano-forte Concerto, (in G major, op. 58), by Beethoven, was also new to us. We gathered enough from the performance to convince us of its rare beauty, depth, fertility of musical invention, logical development, effective contrast and yet true intimate relationship in its different movements—in short, of all the great Beethoven characteristics. But Mr. ROBERT HELLER was not up to that kind of work; his rendering was mechanical and lifeless; so that with that great majority of listeners, who have not the eagerness to try to decipher the outlines of a composition from a mere approximation to a perfect rendering, the thing must have been rather a damper upon the lively progress of the evening's entertainment. The long orchestral introduction was very beautiful, the entrance of the piano-forte beautifully prepared, and everything excited the finest expectations, until these defects in the main figure of the foreground grew to be too obvious. Yet our desire was piqued to have this Concerto

brought more fully home to us, under more favorable auspices. Mendelssohn's delightful, dreamy, fascinating overture, which takes its title from the old German mermaid story of "The fair Melusina," instantly set all right again, and brought us through the first part with an appetite.

Mendelssohn again opened the second part. His admirable violin Concerto, in E minor, was performed entire by WILLIAM SCHULTZE. Many times we have heard it, but not before with so much pleasure. Possibly Joseph Burke, at the New York Philharmonic, put more fire into it:—we did not hear him. But here there was no feebleness, no lack of earnestness; while all was chaste and finished, pure in intonation, sweet and rich in tone, and satisfactory in expression. Beethoven's glorious seventh symphony, in A, requires no comment as a composition; it has grown so familiar to Boston ears, that it speaks for itself whenever it is decently played. We do not remember that we ever before heard it from the Germania orchestra, at least since BERGMANN has been their conductor. Truly we may say we never heard it done so well; never with such unbroken purity of outline; such fiery precision or delicate shading, as the passage might require; such sympathetic coöperation on the part of every instrument. Nothing but greater mass and breadth was wanted. The strings were not quite up to the usual mark in number, and could have borne trebling. But we were astonished at the power and largeness that were realized even with such thinness of material. It was vastly more effective than a blurred copy upon twice the scale; and the only regret is that a larger orchestra is not yet found to pay. Let the Germanians persist in high endeavors, with unflinching faith in the capacity of human nature to accept what is best, and this fault will ere long be remedied. To the public we may safely say: as your attendance grows, so grows the orchestra.

Since writing the above, we have received the following, from which the Germanians, and those who sympathize with their best efforts, may certainly derive a crumb of comfort. We could point, if it were necessary, to many just such crumbs.

DEAR DWIGHT:—The attraction of last Saturday's programme brought me in from the country to an evening concert for the first time this winter, and I cannot help expressing the great satisfaction and pleasure I received. I will engage, for one, to come in to all such concerts which the Germanians may give. I trust that Mr. Bergmann and his orchestra will consider their experiment a success, as I think it undoubtedly was, even though the Hall was not completely full and they might have missed the rustle and flutter of all the butterflies who come to hear their "Pickpocket Quadrilles." The great charm of the performances was to me their uniformity of character, or rather of *grade*. The impression of the whole was harmonious. The effect of a beautiful and elevated piece was not marred, as in their miscellaneous concerts, by the necessity of descending in the next to the tone of some waltz or polka, very well in its way no doubt, but sometimes sadly out of harmony with the character of its predecessor. It seems to me that they have now hit upon the true principle. Let them serve up syllabub and solid fare alternately, and let each have its appropriate audience. If the more sober audience is the smaller in the beginning, it will be the surest to grow and the largest in the end; and our friends are bound to do something for our instruction as well as amusement.

Even though it should be putting some of their efforts out at interest, as it were, it is an investment that will be sure to pay in the end. I am no musician and don't know A flat from B sharp—you see I don't—but I have listened to good music till I have gained a real relish for much of the most elevated and beautiful that is offered us, and a corresponding distaste for mere flummery. This is the case I think with a large class of the Germanians' auditors, and their wants, as well as those of really musical people, are exactly met by such concerts as Saturday's. I trust they may be continued.

The repetition of the Seventh Symphony brought vividly back to my memory those times, which people as old as you and I are getting to be, Mr. Dwight, so well remember, when by special favor we used to hear it rehearsed, for the first time in Boston, in that dark old Odeon, in the gray of a winter afternoon. It was a brave attempt to play Beethoven's symphonies then, but it succeeded, and has borne fruit which the Germanians have inherited. Let them imitate the faith of their predecessors, and not allow the standard, which was set so high when there was so little encouragement to be lowered now when there is so much.

Handel and Haydn Society.

The second performance of "Moses in Egypt" was an improvement on the first; and, considering that it was the most elaborate and florid kind of Italian opera music, was highly creditable to a large amateur choral society. Miss ANNA STONE surpassed herself in her brilliant, bold, at times impassioned rendering of the solos of the queen and anxious mother, Nicaule. The air of Esther: "All is about me smiling" was beautifully sung by Mrs. WENTWORTH, and the following recitative and duet between her and Nicaule was capitally given. The duet, too, between Esther and Osiris (Mr. ARTHURSON) was highly finished and expressive, the tenor and soprano tones blending very sweetly. We were again favorably impressed by the fresh, clear, penetrating voice, and unaffected manner of Miss BROWN in the quartet "Oh, hear me;" and one was inclined to regret that the part of Almatea contained so little. Mr. AIKEN put more fire and elasticity into his solos than before, and his delivery of several passages was really fine. The second tenor, Mr. WHEAT, has good material, which with more culture may do excellent service.

The Canon for five voices, the Sestet, Quartet, &c. with their graceful interweavings of florid and luxurious melody, pleased universally, as they were quite neatly and, with few exceptions, expressively sung. The choruses were effective, and the orchestral accompaniments ran like a bright and beautiful arabesque throughout the whole.

The audience was very large, in spite of the cold and driving snow storm. To-morrow night the "Moses" will be given for the third time and conclude the six subscription nights.

The Midsummer Night's Dream with Mendelssohn Music.

This most difficult and delicate of theatrical tasks has actually been accomplished, with no small degree of success, at two of the New York theatres during the past week. The example was first set by Burton, whose refined taste as a manager displayed itself in the early days of his nice little theatre by the production of Milton's "Comus." The papers report favorably, even enthusiastically, of the rare beauty of the scenery

and the entire getting up; of the acting, particularly Puck, Titania, and Burton's "Bottom"; and of the careful rendering of the entire music of Mendelssohn by an orchestra limited of course in numbers to the small size of the theatre. The house has been crowded, and the play is announced for repetition every night until further notice.

It is also having a run at the Broadway Theatre. We quote some sentences from an extended notice of the first performance in the *Mirror*.

First and foremost, of the scenery. We feel that if we were to exhaust the language of praise, we could but half express its gorgeous beauty. It elicited the most tumultuous plaudits, and *must* be seen to be appreciated. We will therefore attempt no description. The panoramic scene, where Oberon travels through the fairy land, surpasses everything we have ever seen upon any stage. The dropping of treble gauzes to represent mist and darkness, produced a fine and *mystical* effect. The machinery all worked well, and reflected great credit upon the artists. The *corps de ballet* was well drilled, and M'le Leeder danced exceedingly well, and looked charmingly. The costuming was correct; the scallop shell, drawn by swans, the magnificent galley of the Amazonian Queen, and all the other appointments and accessories, were beautiful and appropriate.

Of the acting we cannot speak at length, though we should like to. A general fault was the strange liberties taken with the text. This might do ordinarily, but it is inexcusable in one of Shakespeare's plays, especially a poetical one, where the rhythm was destroyed and the beauties marred by transpositions, omissions and interpolations. The performers must study their parts more carefully if they hope to please Shakespearean critics. This fault was particularly noticeable in the chief character, who gave us too much of "Davidge" and too little of "Bottom."

In the overture each individual started off on his own account, as if he were playing "Hail Columbia," and ingeniously persevered until half through the piece before they got together in perfect time and tune. This surprised us not a little, as a major part of the orchestra was composed of the best Philharmonic players. The fact that they did better later in the evening, and rendered some of the music with classic elegance and faultless precision, showed that it was the result of carelessness or want of sufficient rehearsal. This fault we do not expect to see repeated, and as they gave ample proof of what they can do with Mendelssohn's music, the public will not excuse any shortcomings in future. . . . Puck's solo, "Up and down," was very well sung, the choruses were tolerably effective, and when rendered more smoothly (as we doubt not it will be) the music will constitute one of the greatest charms of the play.

We cannot refrain from saying that the management did not have the proper conception of the character of Puck. This was personated by a mere child—"La Petite Viola"—who repeated the part with a closer adherence to the text than most of the other performers, it is true, and who had been well schooled in regard to delivery and emphasis; but the audience could not avoid regarding it as a mere recitation. Puck is one of the most cunning and important personages of the drama, upon whose action most of the plot hinges, and should not be entrusted to a child, no matter how precocious. And then again, Puck was represented as a beautiful and interesting fairy, with a fair form and perfect figure. This was not Shakespeare's creation.

GERMANIA REHEARSAL. Snow, suddenly changed to floods of rain, last Wednesday afternoon, reduced the audience to a few scattered shivering groups of people, who had all to themselves a choicer selection of music than has before been given of an afternoon. First was played Beethoven's Seventh Symphony entire. Then the overture to "Medea," which marvellously improved upon acquaintance. Then came one of Strauss's graceful and poetic waltzes. Then Mr. W. R. Babcock's Funeral March, in memory of JONAS CHICKERING, arranged for orchestra by Bergmann, which was quite solemn and effective. And lastly a finale from Rossini's "Siege of Corinth."

Musical Intelligence.

Paris.

SOPHIE CRUVELL.—The debut of this lady at the Grand Opera, (Jan. 16th,) is thus described by "A German in Paris," in a letter to the London *Musical World*:

The house was crammed to the ceiling. I have rarely

witnessed a scene of such excitement. The audience were literally palpitating with expectation in the interval which preceded the rise of the curtain. So great had been the curiosity to be present on the occasion, that, a fortnight in advance, orchestra stalls were sold as high as 200 francs, and the best places in the boxes were scarcely to be had at any price. On the evening of the performance the mere privilege of the *entrée*, without fixed places, was selling at the doors of the theatre for twenty and twenty-five francs, and finding greedy purchasers. The *foyer*, and all the lobbies, were crowded with persons unable to get seats. You are aware that there is no "standing room," as at our London theatres, in the Grand Opera here.

The Emperor and Empress arrived some time before the hour of commencement. The number of notabilities among the audience was so great that I shall not think of naming them. Among others, however, I must mention the celebrated Meyerbeer, whose interest in the success of *Sophie Cruevelli* must have been urged by two influences—the first, a real desire for the young singer's welfare; the next, the next, the renewed impetuous given to the attraction of his *Huguenots*—which, I am told, among all his operas, is his chief favorite. There was Auber, too—looking young and vigorous enough to compose another *Muette di Portici*, and vivacious enough for another score of *Black Dominoes*. Benedict, just arrived from Munich, where he had assisted at his own success, was now anxious to witness that of his interesting friend and compatriot; but, as he came too late to get a place at any price, he was gallant enough to risk his neck in the heated and thronged *parterre*. Vivier, of course, was there—for what *evenement* can be regarded as complete without the presence of the humoristic-spirited horn-player—a self-constituted, but not the less a satisfactory *arbitre elegantissime*? To conclude, Alboni, "the inimitable," the intellectual Pauline Viardot Garcia, Mario, Tamburini, and a host of artistic celebrities, with Jules Janin, Hector Berlioz, Théophile Gautier, Fiorentino, and all the authorities of the Parisian press, were observed in the crowd; and, in short, it was scarcely possible to direct an opera glass to any part of the house without bringing the face and figure of some notable person into view.

I have no time to enter into details of the performance; but I may sum up by assuring you that, by unanimous verdict, it was agreed that such a Valentine had never been seen or heard before. Had Mario been the Raoul I think the public would have gone mad. The reception given to Cruevelli on her entrance was deafening; but this was pale when compared with what followed. The first scene established her success. Her costume was in exquisite taste, and I never saw her look more fascinating and beautiful. The voice—and what a voice is Sophie's!—vibrated through the house in such a manner as to give almost a fresh musical sensation. The duet with Marcel in the scene of the *Pré aux Clercs* produced a *furor*. The applause and cheering of the organized *claque*—the crying nuisance of the French theatres—was utterly drowned by the thunders of approval that came direct from the audience. The *claque* had lost its voice, and its office was a derision. Where truth speaks out, the cry of the mere hireling is suffocated. After the great scene, the duet between Valentine and Raoul, which follows the Benediction of the Poignards (the dramatic triumph of Meyerbeer)—the enthusiasm that ensued surpasses my powers to describe.

Miscellaneous.

The minister of state has granted a pension of 1200 francs to Mlle. Sedaine, the last descendant of the author of *Richard Cœur de Lion*.

Mr. Andreoli, formerly director of the Chapel of Ferdinand VII, and author of several much esteemed religious compositions, died at Barcelona, last month, in his 68th year.

Mme. Boieldieu, who died lately in Paris, was daughter of Jean Baptiste Philis, a celebrated professor of the guitar, and the younger sister of Jeanne Philis, one of the most brilliant cantatrici of the Opera-Comique.

Vieuxtemps and Servais will arrive in Paris towards the end of January, or at the commencement of Feb'y.

On the 26th of Dec., Rosati was to make her debut in a new ballet at the theatre Reggis at Turin.

Since the opening of the theatre *Don Carlos*, at Lisbon, the Italian troupe, composed of Mmes. Castellau, Angles, Fortuni, M. M. Miraglia and Bartolini, have played *Masnadieri*, of Verdi, 5 times; *Sonnambula*, of Bellini, 3 times; *Luisa Miller*, Verdi, 6 times; *Maria di Inghilterra*, Pacini, twice; *Don Pasquale*, Donizetti, twice; and *Ernani* once. Her Majesty Donna Maria II. was present at the six representations of *Luisa Miller*, and that of *Ernani*. They announce for the reopening *Ernani*, to be followed by *Rigoletto*, and the *Trovatore* of Verdi, and *The Huguenots*, of Meyerbeer.

Donizetti's new opera in 3 acts: *Elizabeth, ou la Fille du Proscrit*, was announced for the 28th Dec. It will be performed by Messrs. Laurent, Tallon, Junca, Cabel, &c., and by Mmes. Colson, Petit, Briere, Girard, and Vade. The studies of the score have been directed by M. Fontana, a pupil of Donizetti. From the immense effect of the rehearsals a long success is anticipated.

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2. Waltz, "Kroll's Ball Dances,".....Lumbye.
3. Solo for Trumpet, a Fantasia on the German Air, "Liebend gedient" Ich Dein,".....Krebs. Performed by HENRY ANNE.
4. Annen Polka,.....Joh. Strauss.
5. Fantasia for Piano, "Don Giovanni,".....Thalberg. Performed by ROBERT HELLER.
6. Grand Potpourri, "Die Traumbilder," (Dream Pictures),.....Lumbye.

PART II.

7. Overture, "Robespierre," (by request) representing a Scene in the French Revolution,.....Littolf.
8. Introduction, Air, and Variations for Guitar, on Themes from "Romeo and Juliet,".....Julliani. Performed by SIGNORA BRUSCHI.
9. Echo Galop,.....Bergmann.
10. Adagio and Variations Brillantes for two Flutes, on Themes from "Semiramide,".....Furstenau. Performed by CARL ZERRAHN and ROMULUS KOPPIE.
11. A—Nocturne, No. 2, for Piano, B—Valse Brillante, Composed and Performed by ROBERT HELLER.
12. Sextette and Finale, from "Lucia,".....Donizetti.

Doors open at 6½. Concert to commence at 7½.
Single tickets, 50 cents. For sale at the Music Stores, Hotels, and at the Door on the evening of the Concert.

NOTICE.—Our patrons are respectfully notified that we shall give a Concert on EVERY SATURDAY EVENING, until the 18th of March, inclusive, making the Programme alternately, one composed of light, and one of classical music.

Subscription Tickets taken at ALL the Saturday Concerts. Additional sets and half sets of Subscription Tickets, can be secured at Wade's Music Store, every day from 11 to 2 o'clock.

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P. S.—The above splendid work, which will prove invaluable to every professional musician, and to every amateur, will be ready this spring; we hope in the month of March. It has been delayed on account of the immense labor bestowed upon it, and the difficulty of stereotyping a work so full of examples. The delay, however, will enhance the value of the work.

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COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

THE subscribers having formed a Copartnership under the name of CHICKERING & SONS, for the purpose of continuing the Piano-Forte Business, trust by their attention and promptness to merit the patronage heretofore extended to the late Jonas Chickering.

THOS. F. CHICKERING,
CHAS. F. CHICKERING,
GEO. H. CHICKERING.

Dec. 24.

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Apr. 10.

MISS MARIA FRIES, lately arrived from Germany, respectfully announces her intention of giving instruction in the GERMAN LANGUAGE, either in private lessons or in classes. Communications addressed to her, or to her brothers, August or Wulf Fries, No 17 Franklin place, will receive immediate attention.

References—Professor Henry W. Longfellow, of Cambridge; Doct. Wesselhoef, Bernard Koelker, Esq. John S. Dwight, Esq. Nov. 12.

L. H. SOUTHARD,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,

265 Washington Street, Boston.

Oct. 16.

3m

F. SUCK,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and pupils that he has removed to
No. 352 TREMONT STREET.

A. W. FRENZEL

RESPECTFULLY gives notice to his friends and all who wish to receive instruction from him in music, that he is just commencing a new course of lessons for three months, which will conclude in April, since it is his intention at that time to visit his old home in Germany. Orders may be left at Richardson's Musical Exchange, 282 Washington Street, at G. P. Reed's or T. T. Barker's Music Stores, or at his residence,
No. 4 Pine St., Boston.

Mr. F. is permitted to name the following references:
Judge GEO. TYLER BIGLOW, 126 Tremont St.
Mrs. SMITH, 46 Mt. Vernon St.
Mr. NATHAN APPLETON, Winter St.
Dr. WINSLOW LEWIS, Boylston St.

TERMS—\$30 per quarter. Jan. 28.

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK,

Teacher of Music,

DESIRES to receive a few more pupils on the PIANO-FORTE and in SINGING. Terms, \$24 per quarter of 24 lessons.

Mr. K. will be found at his residence, No. 5 Franklin Street, from 10 to 11 A. M. and from 2 to 3 P. M.; also at Mr. Ditson's music store, 115 Washington St. at 5 o'clock, P. M.

MANUEL FENOLLOSA,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

MUSIC-ROOM, No. 17 GRAY'S BLOCK, corner of Washington and Summer Streets.

References.
Messrs. CHICKERING, J. P. JEWETT, GEO. PUNCHARD, Boston.
Messrs. GEORGE PRABODY, B. H. SLESER, Salem.
Jan. 21. 3m.

PUBLIC REHEARSALS.

THE GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY will give PUBLIC REHEARSALS at the Boston Music Hall every WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, at 3 o'clock, commencing Oct. 26.

The full Orchestra will perform at the Rehearsals.
Admission:—Packages containing eight tickets \$1, to be had at the Music Stores, and at the door. Single tickets 25 cents.
Oct 29

THEODORE T. BARKER,
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Nov. 12, tf

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PASTALOZZIAN SCHOOL SONG BOOK, by GEO. W. PRATT.

George P. Reed & Co., Publishers,
Nov 5 13 Tremont Street.

PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION.

G. A. SCHMITT, (From Germany),
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.

IS now prepared to give lessons at the residence of pupils or at his own residence, No. 7 Haymarket Place.

Mr. S. may be addressed at the music stores of Oliver Ditson or Nathan Richardson.
Refers to the following gentlemen: JOHN S. DWIGHT, Esq., HALLATT, DAVIS & Co., OLIVER DITSON, NATHAN RICHARDSON.
Oct. 8.

D. B. NEWHALL,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
PIANO FORTES,
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Apr. 10. tf

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Jaell, Alfred.
Dresel, Otto.
Gockel, August.
Bergmann, Carl.
Kreissmann, A.
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Hill, Francis G.
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Baumbach, A.
Flint, James.
Frenzel, A. W.
Glynn, W. C.
Howard, Frank H.
Kielblock, Adolph.
Leavens, B. F.
Perabeau, H.
Southard, L. H.
Thorup, A. T.
Trenkle, J.
Trancher, T.
Wheaton, J. B.

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From LOWELL MASON.

New York, Jan. 17, 1854.

Mr. NATHAN RICHARDSON:

DEAR SIR: I have received a copy of the "Modern School for the Piano-forte." Having witnessed, in part, your efforts, when in Europe, in compilation of a book, and having known something of your intercourse with some of the best Pianists of the age, I was prepared to expect a most thorough and complete work, on the training of the fingers to the key-board. That you have really produced the best work of the kind that has yet appeared, I am fully satisfied. LOWELL MASON.

From GEORGE J. WEBB.

Boston, Dec. 20, 1853.

Mr. NATHAN RICHARDSON:

DEAR SIR: Having examined, with considerable care, your "Modern School for the Piano-forte," I feel prepared to add my humble testimony to its intrinsic merit. I regard it as a work of great value to the piano-forte student. Its numerous exercises, (many of which are new, and most ingeniously contrived,) for strengthening and securing an independent action of the fingers, together with its extensive provision for scale practice, are superior to any book of a similar nature that has fallen under my notice. It seems to me, also, to embrace all qualities necessary to enable any one possessing the requisite musical talents to surmount the greatest difficulties met with in the works of the most distinguished composers.

Yours truly,

GEORGE J. WEBB.

From GEORGE F. ROOT.

New York, Jan. 12, 1854.

Mr. NATHAN RICHARDSON:

DEAR SIR: I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your admirable and elegant book, the "Modern School for the Piano-forte." I have examined it with deep interest, and have been exceedingly gratified with its contents, and the manner of their presentation. I have no hesitation in saying that I consider it the best Piano-forte Instruction Book, in all respects, that has ever come under my notice; and I take great pleasure in recommending it to my friends and the public.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE F. ROOT.

From WM. B. BRADBURY.

New York, Jan. 14, 1854.

NATHAN RICHARDSON, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: Please accept my thanks for the copy of the "Modern School for the Piano-forte" which you so kindly sent me. I have examined it with much pleasure. The matter which it contains, the manner of its arrangement, and the style in which the work is issued, each and all reflect great credit upon American genius and American art.

The "Modern School for the Piano-forte" is undoubtedly the best work of the kind that has ever been issued from the press of this or any other country. I felt satisfied that this must be the case, even before I saw it, from the fact that so many distinguished gentlemen, in whose judgment I repose the most implicit confidence, had given it their unqualified approval. Added to this, I find, on examination, that you have embodied the leading points of excellence in the methods of Dreyschock, Moscheles, Schullhoff, and other eminent European teachers, (whose peculiarities I had an opportunity of learning while abroad;) and these having been passed through the ordaining alembic of a Yankee mind, stand forth in the "Modern School," the very *ne plus ultra* of piano-forte exercises and instruction.

In conclusion, I beg to say, that wherever there is a piano-forte, or a pupil, I hope there will also be a copy of the "Modern School." Most truly yours,
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